

Quarterly News-Letter

The Book Club of California

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Shaw's Will

by Bud Johns

I'M TRYING TO ADJUST to the realization that the fiftieth anniversary of my first venture into book publishing slipped by in March unnoticed. I don't mean notice as in articles in *Publishers Weekly*, *The New York Times Book Review*, the *Chronicle* locally, and such. I mean noticed by me.

Fifty years! It's not that I wasn't aware it's been nearly half a century since Apple Tree Press was founded, as *Editor & Publisher* wrote, "far from the usual centers of the book business." I've told the story occasionally, just recently to Adela Roatcap in the clubroom of the Book Club of California. But if I thought of the milestone as such, I thought it would be next year.

A file folder I hadn't looked at in years set me straight. Among its contents was a yellowed copy of a paragraph from Harvey Breit's "In and Out of Books" column in the March 28, 1954, edition of *The New York Times Book Review*: "...Apple Tree Press, located in Flint, Michigan, announces as its first title Bernard Shaw's 'Last Will and Testament,' the first complete publication of a meticulous and dogged document...."

The Flint of 1954 was far from the centers of the book business, but it wasn't the Flint portrayed four decades later in *Roger and Me* by Michael Moore. Its economy was booming, fueled by factories of five General Motors divisions. To a newspaperman it was "a good (good as in *exciting*) news town," and the *Flint Journal*, not yet merged into the Newhouse Papers, was an aggressive evening paper.

Six months before I'd been mustered out of the Marine Corps as a staff sergeant and returned to my job as a *Journal* reporter. One of the friendships I renewed was with librarian William D. Chase. As custodian of the morgue, the term still in use then for a newspaper library, he often provided valuable research. He was also the book editor, and I enjoyed reviewing. Among the review copies I still have from that era is *Catcher in the Rye*. Unfortunately, it's the second printing, but it does have the dust jacket Salinger had replaced before copies reached the bookstores.

Bill Chase was something else one wouldn't expect from a Midwestern newspaper librarian. He was founder of the Shaw Society of America, a leading authority on Shaviana and a frequent correspondent with Shaw (during his later years) and an amazing array of other "Shaw nuts" from Albert Einstein to Thomas Mann to Marion Davies. He was even mentioned in *The New York Times* obituary on GBS.

That intrigued me intellectually and also helped financially. While still in the Marines I sold a piece on him (the newspaper angle) to *Editor & Publisher*. Then, soon after returning to civilian life, the state angle led to an article in *Inside Michigan*. There also was a third magazine sale, but much as I search my memory – and old files – I can't recall which publication.

Whenever we had a conversation that included Shaw, Bill's frustration about the Will would come up. He'd obtained a photocopy of it from Her Majesty's Principal Probate Registry and, as secretary of the Shaw Society of America, tried to get it published. Dodd, Mead & Company had shown some interest but, as I recall, wanted Bill to guarantee it would sell three hundred copies. The thought terrified him.

Then he sought, as editor of the SSA's publication for members, to devote an entire issue to the Will. The board of directors vetoed that, saying that they couldn't have an issue without chapter notes and news of members. They suggested he could serialize the document but that thought offended him.

"Hell, Bill. Let's start a company and publish it ourselves," I said one day after hearing the lament for the umpteenth time. Bill was incredulous. "Could we do that?"

We did. We capitalized the venture at \$100, shared equally, and I'm sure Bill and his wife, Helen, were as nervous about his \$50 investment as I was about mine. My copy of our "Articles of Co-Partnership," drawn up pro-bono by a friendly lawyer intrigued by the venture, specified that neither of us, without the consent of the other, would "engage in any unusual transactions or make any contract on the partnership account involving more than Twenty Dollars."

We did have an advantage because our author (or his estate) couldn't demand an advance. Our "manuscript" was in the public domain. (I was later told that it was the first time, other than some Fabian papers, that there was no compensation for something GBS wrote.)

We did, however, have to get our publication printed and with our capitalization and lack of business history, we weren't ideal credit risks. Somehow a one-

man, one-Linotype, one-creaky-press job printer, fascinated at the thought of printing a “book” by Bernard Shaw, agreed to do it on faith. I don’t remember his name, but I remember his shop and have long been thankful to the proprietor of Artcraft, as his business was known.

We needed a name for our venture but that turned out to be our simplest decision. Bill, who had grown up on a Michigan apple orchard, suggested Apple Tree Press. I started work on Michigan’s largest apple orchard at thirteen, so thought that name was fine.

Bill wrote a one-page foreword and Ken Dolan, the *Journal’s* editorial artist, designed a cover for *G. Bernard Shaw: Last Will and Testament* featuring a portrait drawing obviously based on the famous Karsh photograph.

We did have some expenses and no cash flow and so were cautious about expenditures. I still have two invoices, dated 1/30/54 and 3/18/54, showing that Flint Graphic Service – which did work for the *Journal* – billed us \$9.75 for the Benday zinc etching for the cover and \$9.40 for the center spread zinc etching of a reduced facsimile of the Will’s first page bearing Shaw’s signature. Those charges were after giving us discounts of \$3.64 and \$3.55. Unfortunately I have no record of Artcraft’s bill, but it was paid promptly once submitted.

The reason the printer could be paid was that our marketing was effective. Other than review copies (we even got notices from publications proclaiming “legal document as literature”) and press releases (which produced that *New York Times* paragraph and three paragraphs in *Editor & Publisher*, which also mentioned my earlier article for them on Bill), the marketing budget was \$21.00.

That was spent for a one-inch ad in the then-thriving *Saturday Review of Literature*. Sandwiched between the boldface title and the press name with address was the agate “First complete publication of this controversial piece...a revealing foreword...illustrated...paper covers, \$1 postpaid.”

Saturday Review, where Bennett Cerf wrote a popular weekly column, “Trade Winds,” was also our biggest publicity target. I hoped that as a successful New York publisher he would be amused enough by the audacious Michigan newspapermen to mention *Shaw’s Will*. I wrote three paragraphs, mimicking his breezy style as best I could, and mailed them.

Bill’s wife telephoned March 2, almost too excited to talk. We were using their home for our address, and Western Union had just delivered a telegram. The old-fashioned ticker tape pasted to WU’s form read:

PLEASE RUSH AIRMAIL ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT APPLE TREE FOR US FORTHCOMING TRADEWINDS COLUMN RE SHAW WILL. WHY? WHO? WHAT? DATA WANTED. THANKS.

It was signed Roland Gelatt, *Saturday Review*.

I had no idea who Roland Gelatt was but I rushed "additional information" and began waiting again. No word. Either I'd sent everything he needed or he'd lost interest.

The March 27 issue came and we realized we couldn't have been luckier. Cerf was on vacation and Gelatt, the magazine's feature editor, was his "Trade Winds" substitute. Gelatt's interest in Shaw was such that he had included in his recent vacation a pilgrimage to Shaw's Corner in Ayot St. Lawrence. (The Will included no provision for upkeep of the house and belongings.)

"Trade Winds" ran five columns (forty-four inches of text) over three pages. Midway through it, Gelatt wrote, "A dead man's will would not usually be considered an auspicious first offering for a new publishing house, but that is exactly what the Apple Tree Press has chosen for its debut publication. Since the testator in this case is George Bernard Shaw, the usual considerations hardly apply."

The estate was valued at 367,233 pounds (\$1,028,252.40 or \$7.4 million in 2002 dollars), an amount which soared with royalties from *My Fair Lady* after the musical based on *Pygmalion* opened in 1956, followed by the 1964 movie.

The Will gave careful instructions about his copyrights, papers, and art by Rodin, Augustus John, and others, depicting Shaw; provided annuities for his employees and relatives and then turned to his interest in the time- and labor-saving possibilities if the twenty-six letter *Dr. Johnson's Alphabet* was replaced by a forty-letter *Proposed British Alphabet*.

Essentially, Shaw left the balance of his estate "to remunerate the services and defray the expenses incidental to these proceedings and generally to the launching advertising and propaganda of the said British Alphabet." (The comma-free punctuation is Shaw's.)

"The enquiry ("the proceedings" as detailed by GBS) must be confined strictly to the statistical and mathematical problems to be solved without regard to the

views of professional and amateur phoneticians etymologists, Spelling Reformers, patentees of universal languages, inventors of shorthand codes for verbatim reporting or rival alphabets, teachers of the established orthography, disputants about pronunciation, or any of the irreconcilables whose wranglings have overlooked and confused the single issue of labour savings and made change impossible during the last hundred years."

Gelatt's *Trade Winds* copy about Shaw, the Will, and us ran eighteen inches. The same mail that brought the magazine (which also included our ad) brought our first orders. We realized that we would be able to pay our bills.

I knew about first editions but learned, during the planning process, about offering something more special for collectors. Bill urged that we do a large paper (11 x 8½ inches compared to the regular 9 x 6 inches) edition of fifty copies, numbered and with his foreword signed. They had a protective glassine wrapper from a roll in Helen Chase's kitchen. I thought it was crazy but they, as well as the regular edition, sold out promptly.

We talked of doing more titles and I even corresponded with Clifton Fadiman about a little volume containing three essays he'd written about puns. We realized, however, how lucky we'd been and that we would need more capital. Bill's kids needed shoes for the new school year, and my focus was on being a newspaper reporter. Besides, we'd proved we could do it. So we divided our assets – agreeing that Bill could keep the Apple Tree name for possible later use – and closed that chapter.

I left the *Journal* in 1956 for a Southern California newspaper. When I returned to visit a year later Bill showed me what he and his brother, a Florida university professor, had done under the Apple Tree imprint: A 32-page *Chase's Calendar of Events*. Eventually it became a standard reference for librarians, broadcasters, journalists, and others interested in an annual listing of special days, weeks, and months as well as holidays, historical anniversaries, fairs, and festivals.

The Chase family teamed up with Contemporary Books of Chicago in 1984, and five years later Contemporary, now a division of McGraw-Hill, took over full responsibility for compiling and editing the *Calendar*. But Apple Tree Press still lives in that giant firm's promotional materials...and in my memory of the publication of *Shaw's Will*.

Bud Johns, a long-time member of the Book Club of California, moved to San Francisco in 1961. Several years later when he was telling friends the story of Apple Tree Press and *Shaw's Will*, one said, "You should start another company like that, publishing – as you say – things that would slip through the cracks at large, traditional firms." He'd thought of doing so and that encouragement was all he needed. Synergistic Press was started in 1968 with *The Ombibulous Mr. Mencken* and since has published an eclectic list (the in-print titles are viewable at www.synergisticbooks.com) that has ranged from travel and art (M.F.K. Fisher and Judith Clancy's *Not a Station But a Place*) to proletarian literature (*Bastard in the Ragged Suit*) to inspirational and end-of-life issues (ten-year-old Shannin Chamberlain's *My ABC Book of Cancer* and Fran Morleland Johns's *Dying Unafraid*) to a U.S. edition of Whittington Press's spoof on scientific papers, *Some Observations on the Diseases of Brunus edwardii*).

From 1985 to 2003 Johns was a director of Applewood Books (no relation to Apple Tree) of Bedford, Massachusetts.

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Edith, Lou, and The Ark

by August Brandenburg

FOR ABOUT A GENERATION, twenty-odd years, the Ark Bookshop flourished on University Avenue in Berkeley. Located about midway up University (which runs from the Bay to the Campus), in a neighborhood of small retail businesses, on the ground floor of an apartment building, the store provided a bookish haven for neighbors, passersby, visitors from elsewhere, and people like myself from the outlying areas.

"The Ark" had various religious connotations, but I believe that the name was intended to suggest a repository, for books and knowledge, with a noncommittal attitude about religion. But the connotations did add a depth of meaning.

The store was owned and operated by Louis and Edith Laub, who were both habitual readers and consequently lived in a house full of books. Edith had a strong interest in theater that expressed itself in her collection of theater books. Both people were committed and active in local civic affairs and interested in social issues generally. Edith served the local Women for Peace group in various ways. Lou served on the local Co-Op board and participated in organizing the Radical Elders' Oral History Project.

Lou was proud and appreciative of Edith's role as co-owner of the business and made it a point to tell me occasionally that he found himself reflecting on Edith's contributions to the business. He suggested that too often people have a tendency to feel that the "lady of the house" naturally occupies a secondary position.

They had come to California from New York City; Lou commented a number of times that he enjoyed the feeling of light and space in California, in contrast to the traffic and feeling of confinement in New York City.

He told me that they accumulated so many books at home that he discussed the matter with a dealer, who said that one way of dealing with them would be to open a bookstore. That was the beginning, and it occurred to me that this must be a characteristic way for booksellers to begin. What kind of business other than a bookstore is there that so much expresses the interests and personality of its own-

er, who has selected his stock, item by item? (Especially so for a store that does not restrict itself to new books in print and acquired through the usual channels of merchandise distribution.)

The stock was mostly a rather broad, general collection, evolving somewhat by chance to reflect what came in the door over time and what collections Lou and Edith acquired following up on telephone calls received. But Lou was especially fond of antiquarian and scholarly books and really got interested in books that treated matters important to him. I remember that there was a back room that contained boxes of books not shelved for the clientele. Lou said that these were books that looked interesting and so were set aside to go home. I thought that this too must be a characteristic bookseller's penchant and often thought I would like to browse among those boxes.

The bookstore was just a business-day part of their life. There was more, after hours. Lou wrote some of the "Abecedarian" articles for the *Berkeley Monthly*, on the history of the book. (The other articles in the series were written by the late Berkeley bookseller Fred Cody.) He was also one of the organizers of the Ink-slingers book fair, a cooperative event mounted by local sellers, printers, and others involved in the book world. In later years, he and Edith added appraising to their book business, and Lou became a fellow of the appraisers' society.

Lou had a favorite expression to indicate that everything goes together, everything is part of a whole. He would say that something was part of "the whole damn bit."

He once had a dictionary that had suffered from the effects of a fire. The book was darkened on the outside, but otherwise very tight and intact. He was concerned that the book was unacceptable to most people because of its appearance, but was otherwise entirely suitable for its purpose as a reference book. So he sold it to me for a few dollars; we both felt it was a worthwhile transaction to save the book.

Once, when a lady was breaking up her household, Lou bought a few books from her and spotted a lectern among the furniture she was disposing of: a rather handsome piece of furniture that he could not reason his way into buying. But when I went into the store, he told me about the lectern and the few remaining books. It was obvious that he wanted to go back to the house, so I went with him.

The necessary end of this little story is pretty clear: I bought a book and a lectern that now houses my set of the *Britannica*.

Lou often reflected on the difficulties of the local booksellers during the upheavals of the 1960s, when in addition to the usual concerns of business owners, booksellers were considered fair game by shoplifters, who felt that there was no moral problem in stealing from business owners. In a small business with low turnover and small margins, survival is threatened seriously by theft. And yet Lou and Edith, like some other local booksellers, stuck it out through a very difficult time.

Once when I went into the store, Lou told me they that had made the big time. A few days earlier they had been robbed. The lady minding the store at the time dutifully handed over the till money and was asked, "Is that all there is?" She answered in the affirmative, and the holdup person departed with the rather spare reward for his efforts.

We were talking one day when Lou suddenly realized that a corner of the store not filled with bookshelves was bare. A macrame that had been hanging on the wall there had disappeared. The artist who had done the macrame had sold it to Lou, who did not especially like the piece but bought it to help the artist. Then, Lou had acquired a fondness for the piece over time. The artist had come back to retrieve the piece, and Lou said that he had come to like it and did not wish to sell it.

On another occasion Lou related that he had happened to notice when looking in the front window that a binding press had disappeared from its display position. This became the occasion for some speculation about the person who had been enterprising enough to work his way down a narrow space behind a plate glass window and make off with a rather heavy, bulky object.

One Sunday the store sponsored a reading by a local poet at one of the businesses up the block, a carpet store. People came in to the carpet store and got comfortable and enjoyed the recitation and home-baked bread. In addition to the poetry, the reading was enjoyable for its unusual venue, the casual aspect of the occasion, and also for the serious character given the occasion just by opening up an avenue business on Sunday. People attending were as appreciative of the special character of the occasion as were Lou and the owners of the carpet store.

Once when I was in the store I recognized another browser as the person who

delivered a lecture on Giordano Bruno at a symposium I had attended a few years earlier. He was an expert on Galileo and had responded to someone's question after his lecture with the answer that he did not read anything after 1650. I noticed that he did think the store was interesting enough to occupy his attention for about an hour. Although I greeted him, I believe he was embarrassed to be recognized when he thought there was little likelihood of that.

Eventually, Lou and Edith felt that it was time to close the business. Lou died a few years afterwards, and Edith currently works in a library in Oakland. I enjoyed the store and their friendship, as I know other people did, and felt that the Ark sheltered more than just books, knowledge, and two avenue merchants.

AUGUST BRANDENBURG is a retired Wells Fargo Bank archivist who wrote about Bronislaw Mlynarski in our last issue.



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ARK BOOKSHOP

Fine, Scarce and Scholarly Books

LOUIS LAUB
EDITH F. LAUB

William P. Wreden: A Joint Show

by Bo Wreden

DANCERS MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV made headlines for their visit to the Haight-Ashbury during San Francisco's Summer of Love the same day in July 1967 that *San Francisco Chronicle* art critic Thomas Albright wrote about a press conference held at the Moore Galleries on Sutter Street to promote "The Joint Show," the first gallery exhibition of San Francisco's five major psychedelic poster artists: Kelly, Victor Moscoso, Stanley Mouse, Rick Griffin, and Wes Wilson. Most of the questions directed to the artists were greeted either with laughter or artists' questions asked back to the reporters in attendance. At length, though, Wes Wilson did make a statement that "Printers are a very important part of psychedelic poster art." Victor Moscoso added, "The medium is a printing medium; you get lots of ideas from printers."¹

I attended the opening of "The Joint Show" several days after the press conference, but in my button-down Brooks Brothers clothes and with a haircut that met National Guard regulations I was much too square to establish any rapport with the long-haired artists. I wanted to commission a psychedelic poster, but soon learned, with the advent of their first gallery exhibition, that the major artists' prices far surpassed my budget. I did, however, acquire a set of the posters they created specially for the show as well as the keepsake oversized reproduction of a Zig-Zag cigarette paper pack which enclosed photographic portraits and biographical information on the artists and also a few postcard examples of their work for the Avalon and the Fillmore. Eventually, through lithographers Neal, Stratford, and Kerr, I commissioned a poster from a twenty-one-year-old artist, Jim Blashfield, who also designed posters for the Fillmore, whose lettering was in Wes Wilson's style, and whose price was within my budget.

"If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair." So John Phillips advised in the lyrics to his song, *San Francisco*.² It is doubtful that any of the two hundred and fifty-some delegates to the Nineteenth International League of Antiquarian Booksellers Congress, which took place at the St. Francis Hotel in September 1967, wore flowers in their hair, let alone found time to visit

1. *San Francisco Chronicle*. July 12, 1967. P. 45.

2. *San Francisco*. Words and music by John Phillips. Copyright 1967, 1970 by MCA Music Publishing.

the Haight-Ashbury, the Avalon, or the Fillmore during their busy official and social schedule in the Bay Area. Upon their registration on 15 September in our Post Street shop upstairs across from the St. Francis, however, they did receive a full-size specially commissioned full-color keepsake poster with the motto of the League, *Amor librorum nos unit*, featured in green letters across the top!

Aside from incorporating text which we provided, we gave Jim Blashfield a free hand in the design of the poster. Recently, in conversation, he recollected as a member of the National Guard at the time that much of the focus of his art was on "innocence and complicity in the horrors of war." Below the ILAB motto a pink sun blazes across a red sky and an Orphan Annie-like character in a green army fatigue shirt holding a green dog stands before a blue horizon and above an Aladdin's lamp. A red hand reaches out from a long arm extending along the right side to the bottom of the poster. On the left a small figure, glasses in hand and head bowed, stands at the foot of a magenta staircase which climbs behind the green profile of an Indian chief from whose mouth a stream of red and yellow pills descends.

Sol Malkin, editor and publisher of *AB Bookman's Weekly*, described it as "the big hit" of the Congress, although "at first bewildering" to many delegates. Subsequently he reproduced it, "unfortunately only in black-and-white," on the cover of *AB* and deciphered the psychedelic text for those who could not. He also credited bookman Karl Zamboni for his inspiration and my parents for their support of our unique keepsake and advised readers that additional copies were available-upon request.³

We had several requests and sent copies as well to collectors and librarians on our mailing list. The poster was again reproduced in black and white in the 22 December 1967 issue of *Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel*. Cordial thank-you notes came from Herbert Cahoon of the Pierpont Morgan Library, Frederick Goff, Chief of the Rare Book Division of the Library of Congress, and Frank Francis, Director of the British Museum. One handwritten note came all the way from a collector in Kathmandu. Walter S. Merwin of Buffalo, New York, wrote he found it "stimulating, dramatic and exciting." He added he had it "hanging in our den flanked by a Rowlandson and an old French hunting scene. Each one seems to gain from the other."

It was that type of synergy that we attempted to create the following year in

3. *AB Bookman's Weekly*. October 16, 1967. Pp. 1297 ff.

publishing a fine-press first-book limited edition of a little-known overland narrative of a Czech pioneer, Joseph Francl. With the inspiration and support of Karl Zamboni and my parents, I began working with Francl's diary, originally translated by his son, Fred, and edited by Rose Rosicky for a scarce Bohemian-American journal, *Bratrsky Vestnik*, earlier in the century. The diary describes his travels from Wisconsin to the California gold fields in 1854. He does not find his fortune, though, and returns from beautiful, unfortunate California to become known as the first Czech pioneer of Nebraska. At first, we thought to have an introduction written from the viewpoint of a Nebraska historian, but eventually asked novelist-poet Richard Brautigan to write a literary introduction for us. In June 1968 I wrote to him that we were interested in "a contemporary literary interpretation of the phenomena of pioneer overland travel, the keeping of overland diaries and the validity of their subsequent publication" relating specifically to Francl's work. We contacted Jack Stauffacher of the Greenwood Press, who had printed other work for my father, to design the book for us. We also wrote Jim Blashfield asking if he would illustrate it, but he declined, citing concerns about his National Guard obligations. Jack Stauffacher then suggested we check Galeria Carl Van der Voort, not far from his printing office, where we discovered a Berkeley film maker and artist, Patricia Oberhaus, who provided us with a series of line drawings for the book. Although the book is copyrighted and dated 1968, the publication party to "celebrate Joseph Francl who cared for his beer and other liquors too" took place at our Post Street shop on 6 January 1969.

Author Kay Boyle, whose papers my father helped appraise and sell, wrote a lengthy and favorable review for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Several other reviews followed hers, mostly favorable to our new departure in publishing. Dale L. Morgan, in a *California Historical Society Quarterly* review, however, took exception to the fact that the original translator and editor "who did all the labor of scholarship" were not credited on the title page. They were credited in a note following the text. Henrietta Shutt, in *Fraternal Herald*, *Bratrsky Vestnik*, strongly objected to some of Richard Brautigan's "way out language" in his introduction. The edition of 540 copies was probably too large; it did not sell out. It did receive a 1969 Award of Merit from the Rounce & Coffin Club and, over the years, has appreciated in value.

For their assistance with this essay and the related exhibition, I wish to thank Jim Blashfield, Adela Roatcap, Ann Whipple, and both Margaret Kimball and Roberto Trujillo, who

provided me with access to the William P. Wreden Books & Manuscripts Archives in the Stanford University Libraries, Department of Special Collections. All quotations, not otherwise attributed, come from correspondence and other papers in the Wreden Archive.

Serendipity

The Committee Chairman's Collectanea

Some of our remarks last issue brought forth an explosion from an upriver reader that he was "surprised, dumbfounded, and amazed." We were pleased to learn that we actually had one reader, and will only say that we are likewise "surprised, dumbfounded, and amazed" at the atrocious things we have written when they Reaghturn in printed form.

For those who think this San Francisco-based committee chairman is all wet, help is at hand to locate him. In May, John Chin of the United State Geographical Survey released a 38-page report, "Shifting Shoals and Shattered Rocks: How Man Has Transformed the Floor of West-Central San Francisco Bay." Most remarkably, the printed version, out later, comes with a large three-dimensional map of the Bay, complete with 3-D glasses. Just like watching movies in the 1950s! See the Bay's spectacular sunken scenery on line at geopubs.wr.usgs.gov/circular/c1259; to order the printed version, go to www.usgs.gov/pubprod/ and request USGS Circular 1259.

Why do the Heavens seem less bright when viewed from Sacramento? On Tuesday, April 6, 2004, State Librarian Kevin Starr retired. Did bold headlines praise his decade of service? Not at all. Only alternate sources told the tale.

Where did the *Chronicle* carry the departure announcement of Starr, who in 1984 ran for Supervisor – losing preserved his sanity to write the indispensable but rococo *California Dream* series – and had been City Librarian? Why, buried in Leah Garchick's gossip column on April 8.

On May 18, the *Chronicle* did redeem itself by reporting that City Librarian Susan Hildreth had resigned to take charge of the Tucson public libraries. Still, just rehired *Examiner* columnist P.J. Corkery brought the two events together in his second column on June 11. It seems that Maria Shriver avidly wanted Hildreth to be the new Starr of the State Library, but Hildreth had a deadline to know. Like the forlorn soul on top of Old Smokey, Shriver's husband, Arnold, "lost his true lover, by a-courtin' too slow."

Stop Press! We learned from a tiny insert in a July 16th *Chronicle* that Susan Hildreth has been woo'd and won for the State Library. We're pleased and offer our congratulations to all.

There is even hope for the old *Examiner*. On April 7, it breathily announced that a search of its archives proved that there was a there there before the Hearsts, and resurrected on its masthead its correct founding date of 1865. It did have sense enough not to inquire why it was no longer called the *Democratic Press*.... Something about irate San Franciscans tossing the office fixtures and type of the treasonous rag into Washington Street on April 15, 1865, for being too critical of just-assassinated President Abraham Lincoln, and the commanding general forbidding proprietor William Moss to continue the old name....

Ah, well, since we are often up the river without a paddle, we will dock briefly at the City of the Plain, where we observe a new Starr arising. With the retirement of State Librarian Starr, it appears that all mail requesting forewords is forwarded to the California Section and, in particular, to the Chairman of the BCC's Publications Committee.

We can scarcely pick up a book without seeing Gary Kurutz's name. Good for Kurutz! Soon he will have more publications than Richard H. Dillon. To alert my one reader – and perhaps others – Dillon's *Napa Valley Heyday* will be with us shortly, followed by Kurutz's rollicking stagecoach stories penned by the rotund champagne aficionado Ben Truman.

Returning to the land of Kurutziana and two introductions. In 1937, Rosalind A. Keep of Mills College published the rambunctious recollections of Forty-Niner and Vacaville founder Luzena Stanley Wilson (1819–1902). Famed Francis P. Farquhar introduced Keep's long out-of-print Eucalyptus Press edition. Last year, Fern Henry, also of Vacaville, edited and introduced this lively memoir which, along with Ben Truman's social column, had first thrilled readers of the 1881 *Argonaut*. Furthermore, Henry fills out Wilson's life and presents biographies of her children.

Credit goes to Carl Mautz for encouraging Henry and engaging Kurutz to introduce this 2003 volume. *My Checkered Life: Luzena Stanley Wilson in Early California* is yours for \$22.50 or \$35, depending on whether you like a soft shell or a hard one, from Caul Mautz Publishing, 15472 Shannon Way, Nevada City, California 95959.

Tabering off on our Kurutzity remarks, we take up *Isaiah West Taber: A Pho-*

tographic Legacy, a book whose images pop out only as the Windgate Press can do them. Sausalito press proprietors Linda and Wayne Bonnett are the authors and admirers of Taber (1830–1912) and present the first book devoted to this grand San Francisco master of the scenic.

Inside are two hundred of Taber's best photographs from among thirty thousand Western views and 100 thousand portraits. Often overshadowed by contemporaries Eadweard Muybridge and Carleton Watkins, I. W. Taber is certainly worth a look – and you may do so, for \$45. The aforementioned Dillon has promised the QN-L a longer review.

Our upriver cousins, the Sacramento Book Collectors Club, have entered the reprint business this year. HURRAH! As does the BCC, the SBCC makes available rare publications from a former time, and the \$6.95 price for each makes them bargains. Scarce bargains at that, since only 300 copies of each exist. Well-read and well-written Professor Kenneth N. Owens introduces and indexes John A. Laufkotter's curmudgeonly and anti-Sutter account, *John A. Sutter, Jr., and His Grants* (1867).

Who else but Walter P. Gray II, twenty-one years at the State Railroad Museum, could railroad us into liking a new edition of Theodore Judah's *Preliminary Report of the Chief Engineer, Central Pacific Railroad* (1862)? Gray's perceptive remarks make the 2004 SBCC reprint more valuable than H.S. Crocker & Co's first.

Actually, we admit to having more than one reader. We saw our 1992 BCC Keepsake on the Civil War going for \$40, and the 1998 one on Gold Camps for \$50. Likewise, a recent bookseller's catalogue had the Club's *Log of Apollo* (1986) and Oscar Lewis's *A Widely Cast Net* (1996) each at \$150; and Kurutz's *Gold Rush Bibliography* (1997) at \$250.

The "silliest book" the BCC ever did, as the Publication Chairman punned, August Duhaut-Cilly's *A Voyage to California* (1997) stood at \$525. It even exists as a trade edition, too. There's value in the ol' BCC! After the sale of inventory, we know members know the redundancy of this statement. Books flew out the door so quickly that we were unable to get several items.

Ah, well, better to wine than to whine. Next up for the BCC is a slender volume on wining. Ten years ago, Thomas Pinney edited the Club's acclaimed *The Vineyards and Wine Cellars of California* by Australian vintner Thomas Hardy. Now Pinney returns to these two wine-united geographies through a short biography of John Ignatius Bleasdale (pronounced "Blaisdell"), 1822–1884. The

Reverend Bleasdale, *A Friend of Wine in Two Worlds*, was an English Catholic priest educated in Portugal as an expert analytical chemist and a student of local wine-making.

Bleasdale arrived in Gold Rush Australia in 1851. For the next twenty-five years, he invigorated science and education, whether helping to found Melbourne's first public library a decade before San Francisco's, becoming an authoritative mineralogist and agriculturist, or receiving an honorary M.D. through his work in public health.

From the start of the 1860s, Bleasdale energetically promoted local wines, headed exposition juries, conducted scientific experiments and chemical analyses, and wrote. *On Colonial Wines* (1867) is his best-known volume.

In 1878, Bleasdale duplicated these efforts in San Francisco. Half of the Mechanics Institute Fair report for that year comprised his remarks on California wines. Fighting phylloxera then occupied his remaining years.

Now, having sniffed the bouquet of this book, anticipate (without whining) the still-aging printed vintage. Bruce Washbish, Anchor[ed] & adjusting Acorn tannins, Press[es] on.

Back in 1967, the BCC published its 127th book, introduced and commented on by attorney Kenneth M. Johnson and printed by Saul and Lillian Marks, our QN-L printer's Master Printers. Its title, *The Sting of The Wasp*. Now the Club, in cooperation with the California Historical Society, the Cartoon Art Museum, and, above all, with a bow to Ben Truman, Korbel Champagne, sponsored a reception (June 10) and exhibit at the Cartoon Art Museum called, coincidentally, "The Sting of *The Wasp*: San Francisco's Political Cartoon Weekly, 1876–1897."

Oh yes, there was another sponsor, Periodyssey Press, domiciled in Easthampton – Massachusetts! What brought these Yankees out West? Nothing other than a beautiful publication, Richard Samuel West's *The San Francisco Wasp: An Illustrated History*. This 335-page volume, with one hundred illustrations, mostly in color, is limited to 400 signed, numbered copies. Other BCC connections surface, too. West thanks bookseller Robert Haines of the Argonaut Book Shop for feeding his "collecting addiction," and the previously mentioned Kurutz for reviewing the text.

All of this proves that cigar-box makers do strange things. Francis Korbel soon went down the slippery slope, from cigar boxes, to lithographic cigar labels, to being infuriated at the incumbent Republican President, to producing "Fahrenheit

9/11," er, on August 5, 1876, *The Wasp*. Korbel's champagne days still awaited him.

In 1881, under new owners, bitter invective joined savage cartoons. Ambrose Bierce became editor. West's writing is as good as the illustrations, so bug the Peridyssey Press at 116 Pleasant Street, Easthampton, Massachusetts 01027, and pin on them \$90. Closer still for local members is the fine book shop at 655 Mission attached to the Cartoon Art Museum; one across Mission at 678 with the California Historical Society; and Bob Haines's Argonaut at 786 Sutter Street.

In years long ago, when we were young, gaunt, and emaciated from long hours of dissertation writing on California Civil War journalism, we encountered several talented women writers and editors, often united as believers in Spiritualism. For some, we wrote the earliest articles on them, gleaning scattered details.

Perhaps general lack of information and interest in the 1970s and 1980s arose from Sarah C. O'Dowd's thesis in a new book: Academic feminist historians determined that men crammed all women into a cursed domestic "women's sphere," and did not wish to deal with those odd balls that did not fit this paradigm.

Happily, curiosity grew. First came Roger Levenson's brilliant *Women in Printing: Northern California, 1857-1890* (Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1994). Then Fay Campbell Kaynor of Amherst, Massachusetts, followed with a perceptive study of our first trouble-maker, the editor of the *Pacific Monthly* who took on the typographical union. In 2001 appeared her *Lapdogs and Bloomer Girls: The Life and Times of Lisle Lester, 1837-1888* (Los Angeles: Eve's Eye Press).

Now Rhode Islander O'Dowd arrives with *A Rhode Island Original: Frances Harriet Whipple Green McDougall* (Hanover, New Hampshire: University Press of New England, 2004; \$19.95). We first encountered Fanny Green McDougall (1805-1878), as she spelled her name then, as editor of the 1864 Sacramento *Golden Gate*, a Spiritualist weekly that proved weakly. Yet, until we saw O'Dowd's fine work, we did not realize that 1862 husband William McDougall was brother to a California governor.

We were equally clueless as to McDougall's eastern output. In 1829, this Rhode Islander became one of the first women in America to edit a literary publication, which she followed in 1838-39 with a two-volume memoir of a black woman, Elleanor Eldridge, and began 1840 with a series of anti-slavery publications. 1842 brought a newspaper for female textile mill workers and strong defense of Thomas Dorr's Rebellion to liberalize Rhode Island voting from the strictures of a 1663 royal charter.

A flood of Spiritualist writings by McDougall came forth from New York after 1848 and, surprisingly, in 1854, two school botany text books. All of this production came before she immigrated to the Golden State in the fall of 1861.

In the unintended—but for the better, consequences files, in January 1871, McDougall penned “The Donner Tragedy: A Thrilling Chapter in Our Pioneer History” for the weekly *Pacific Rural Press*. “There never was a more garbled story” of these 1846 events, survivor James F. Reed retorted, and wrote his recollections in reply. Historians have always been grateful.

The upshot? Sarah O’Dowd has rescued from obscurity an amazing woman who for half a century was “the consistent friend of the poor, the oppressed and the fallen.”

Closer to home, BCC member JoAnn Levy has been even more unsettling. To deserved publicity, Heyday Books launched her *Unsettling the West: Eliza Farnham and Georgiana Bruce Kirby in Frontier California*—bearing the requisite Kevin Starr foreword.

Though quite well known for her writings on prison reform, women’s sphere, and Spiritualism—as well as a famous plan to bring brides to California—Farnham has thus far escaped a biography. Levy, the author of the acclaimed *They Saw the Elephant: Women in the California Gold Rush* (1990) and two novels, *Daughter of Joy* (1999) and *For California’s Gold* (2000), supplies this deficiency. Short chapters “pieced together,” as Malcolm Margolin states, with narrative interleaved by quotes from both women, tell the tale. Yours for \$16.96 paper; \$24.95 cloth.

We cannot let another Heyday anecdote lifted from another Leah Garchick column flutter by. It seems that a mourning dove, not realizing that the true vibrancy of this press made its services unneeded, joined a Heyday Books staff meeting. Undaunted, Malcolm Margolin, he of “the awe-inspiring beard,” Garchick says, that would give Joaquin Miller great competition, captured the frightened intruder. Going outside, gentle Margolin did indeed “flip the bird.”

Until recently, we had not realized the local importance of Plates. Sir Francis Drake had brass plates; San Francisco’s own monitor *Camanche* had iron plates; and BCC members have Book Plates. Jack Maclean, editor of the 2005 Keepsake, proposes a potluck feast for members: Submit copies of your Book Plates. Include artist, symbolism, and anecdote. Don’t say you don’t know Jack. Telephone him at 925/235-2570 now and offer up your Book Plates!

DR. ROBERT J. CHANDLER, Chairman, QN-L Committee

Speaking of Joaquin Miller, “The Poet of the Sierras,” check out www.joaquin-miller.net for news of an October convocation in Ashland, Oregon, on the life and work of this California original—liberally endowed with what P.G. Wodehouse asperses as face-fungus. Ashland, famous for its Shakespeare Festival, seems the perfect place to celebrate the dramatic Miller, who was, as we learned from Dr. Roger K. Larson’s *Dear Master*, mentor in construction work to the young George Sterling.

* * *

Still stylish in her nineties, Club member Gloria Stuart continues to make lovely, original books, and the Library of Congress has now purchased copies of her past work. Congratulations to Old Rose – but Gloria is as much more than that one character as the above-mentioned poet was than simply a poet.

* * *

Observations of the Spirit: The Sketchbooks of Judith Clancy, 1950–1990 will be exhibited in the Logan Book Gallery of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, September 18 through January 16. Ms. Clancy (1933–1990) was a Book Club of California member whose work related to books was exhibited at the Club in 1984. The Legion of Honor exhibition will draw from more than eighty of her sketchbooks which are going into the permanent collection of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. The last drawing she did, completed working on a lightweight drawing board while bedridden weeks before her death, graced the best-selling *A Year in Provence*, and its sequel, *Toujours Provence*, included more than twenty of her drawings selected, many from the sketchbooks, by her husband (Book Club member Bud Johns).

* * *

Long-time member Leonard Bernstein sent us a fine broadside commemorating fifty years of the Caravan Book Shop in downtown Los Angeles. We offer congratulations and best wishes for continued longevity.

Review

Lives In Print, edited by Robin Myers, Michael Harris, and Giles Mandelbrote (\$39.95), is from Delaware’s dependable Oak Knoll Press, working in collaboration

with the British Library. It is the story of biography and the book trade, from the Middle Ages to the present. The essays collected here are derived from papers delivered at a Lives In Print conference (2002) in London. Chapters take us from monkish manuscript biographies to the classic *Dictionary of National Biography* (1900) and the current *New DNB*. By the seventeenth century, the biographies of saintly martyrs were being replaced in print by the life stories of world travelers, scientists, politicians, and writers, especially Will Shakespeare. Most interesting to this reviewer are the two chapters on the *DNB*, which, like the *OED*, is a proud British institution and an ancestor, in spirit at least, of our own *DAB*, the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

RICHARD H. DILLON

Gifts & Acquisitions

Nancy Weston has given the Club's library a large selection of magnificent books.

First and foremost of these is the 1884 Edgar Cherry & Company *Redwood and Lumbering in California Forests*, a book so scarce that the Club, in 1983, published a "reconstruction" of it by the late Peter E. Palmquist, with preface by Gary F. Kurutz. Miss Weston included with the book three extra unmounted photographs and some ephemeral material, as well as the prospectus – an item so rare that Mr. Palmquist had never seen one before 1984, when she shared hers with him. The book itself is in excellent condition. The pioneer firm of Bacon and Co. printed it, so it adds to our collection of early California printers. It will also be esteemed at the Club as the progenitor of our version of nearly a century later.

Most of the other items in Miss Weston's largesse are products of the Grabhorn Press; many are earlier Book Club imprints. These include Thomas Rowlandson's very funny *The Beauties of Boswell*; W. F. Beechey's *An Account of a Visit to California*; Robert Grabhorn's *Short Account of...Wynkyn de Worde*; Eric Partidge's *An Original Issue of The Spectator*—and the leaf, so well preserved, is another funny thing; Francis Bret Harte's *San Francisco in 1866*; J. Ross Browne's *Muleback to the Convention*; Earle V. Weller's *Ballads of Eldorado*; and Ruth Teiser's *Lawton Kennedy, Printer*. We are pleased to have these useful additions, all of which have been preserved faithfully.

Other books in the gift are: An excellent copy of William H. Meyers, *Naval*

Sketches of the War in California, Random House, 1939, which will replace our present less-good copy; James D. Harte, *A Tribute to Edwin Grabhorn and the Grabhorn Press*, Friends of the San Francisco Public Library, 1969; two Bohemian Club items also printed by the Grabhorn Press: *Shakespeare in Bohemia* by Loyall McLaren, David Dodge, and David Magee (1961) and *The Buccaneers* by David Magee (1964); Fred B. Rogers, *Soldiers of the Overland*, Grabhorn, 1938; *The Dominicans of San Rafael*, Grabhorn, 1941; *Pioneering with Fuller*, Grabhorn, 1949; and Samuel C. Damon, *A Journey to Lower Oregon and Upper California 1848–49*, published by John J. Newbegin in 1927 and printed at the Grabhorn Press. This last, a narrative of part of the adventurous life of a nineteenth-century missionary who ended his days in Honolulu, is copy 190 of 250; the frontispiece and initials are by Valenti Angelo.

There is much to admire here, and we hope that many Club members will pay Miss Weston's generosity the tribute of looking over these fine volumes. Thank you!

* * *

The Club is grateful to Monsignor Francis J. Weber for the latest from the Saint Francis Historical Society, *Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels*, another of his meticulous studies of the history of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. As always, this volume is thoroughly documented, well organized, and copiously illustrated. One of the most chilling photos shows the badly cracked tower of the predecessor Saint Vibiana Cathedral after the Northridge earthquake – what a contrast to the sleek strength of the new edifice. A fascinating series of illustrations shows the making, in Bruges, Belgium, of various tapestries that now grace Our Lady of the Angels, one of which shows the Blesseds John XXIII and Teresa of Calcutta. A message from His Holiness Pope John Paul II stands as Prologue to the story of this remarkable building, ably set forth by Msgr. Weber.

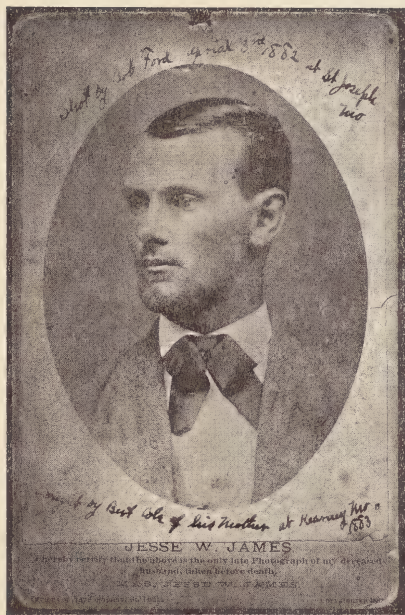
* * *

We have received *Unsettling the West: Eliza Farnham and Georgiana Bruce Kirby in Frontier California* by JoAnn Levy, a California Legacy Book from Malcolm Margolin's Heyday Books, with a foreword by Kevin Starr – all three names in the Club's roster, please note. Ms. Levy has given us the absorbing story of two women crusaders who arrived in California from the East in 1850, so this is a more particular but logical successor to the author's *They Saw the Elephant: Women in the California Gold Rush*.

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* * *

Also from Heyday Books is *Jewish Life in the American West*, edited by Ava F. Kahn. This is an intriguing soft-cover work, illustrated, which pays tribute to the variety of contributions to Western life by Jewish pioneers—cowboys, farmers, miners, politicians, suffragettes, as well as merchants and movie moguls. Not to be missed: the color illustration of the stained-glass window of Congregation Sherith Israel, San Francisco, showing Moses with his tablets and El Capitan in the background.

* * *

From North Bay Books, El Sobrante, California, we have received Michael H. Piatt's *Bodie... The History of the Bodie Mining District, Mono County, California*. This well-documented hard-cover volume evokes the colorful past of the ghost town that is now Bodie State Historic Park. The rise and fall of Bodie is captured in many illustrations, and the book's usefulness is enhanced by appendices on mining and mining terms.

* * *

In memory of Katheryn Fleming, who died in June of 2004, Barbara Jane Land has given the Club's library a wonderful book: Tom Killion's *Fortress Marin* (Quail Press, Santa Cruz, 1977). This is copy 49 of 240, signed by the author-illustrator, and belonged to the late Helen Lee; the brilliant paper slipcase was created by William Lee.

Killion's title-page lino-cut is printed in sepia and dark blue, a gorgeous double-page view of the coastal fortifications and the Marin headlands that are the subject of this study. All the other illustrations are printed in Killion's signature blue, many with the "ghost" image on the reverse that, as Killion says, "represents the original block." The paper is Japanese hoshō, richly soft, and the type is Bembo. The designer was Richard Bigus. A hand-drawn map of the area is tipped in.

The illustrations are in the Japanese style, the forms of the man-made defensive works incorporated into the compositions of rocky earth, vegetation, water, and sky in an effect ultimately serene. Views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge call up images from the same tradition, straight and curved lines masterfully balanced. The last view, "The City from Battery Duncan," is especially rich: old barbed wire criss-crosses the view of San Francisco's downtown, old warehouses, and the distant Bay Bridge, while the foreground represents Marin's pre-

served space by the most delicate California poppies and finely-rendered leaves and grasses.

This is a memorable book, and our copy is alive with more memories than we can say. Thanks are due, yet again, to Barbara.

* * *

Terry Horrigan is the Protean Press of San Francisco, though talented people work with her on her engaging limited-edition books. Not long ago she gave the Library two of these: *Kokopelli* from 1992 (copy 51 of 60) and *Ogham* from 1997 (copy 48 of 50).

Kokopelli is a “collapsing star” folded book bound in paper-wrapped boards; the tan Del Sarto Roma endpapers are particularly attractive against the dull-blue Romanino cover. Ann Miller created the cover and title-page calligraphy, and the image of the mysterious rock-art figure was made by David Jenney. Terry did everything else, including a fine and concise discussion of the appearance of the hunch-backed Kokopelli through time among the petroglyphs of the Four Corners region of the American southwest. She used Spectrum type on Mohawk Letterpress paper.

Ogham is an accordion-fold sheet bound in paper-covered boards. The text, printed in Univers on BFK Rives, occupies the right side of the page, overlapping the nineteenth-century illustration of a stone inscribed in Ogham, printed in orange. Once again, Ann Miller provided the calligraphy.

It is a delight to have Terry Horrigan’s work in the Club’s collection. Thank you.

Exhibition Notes

From May 24th through July 30th, the Club was home to a wonderful exhibit of the work of Harold Berliner, “Sixty Years a Printer in Nevada City.” Harold gave us a brief and witty overview of his career at the Monday opening, and QN-L readers with long memories would have been nodding in recognition at some of the anecdotes; in the Fall of 1996 “Printer’s Devil and Devil’s Advocate: The Parallel Lives of Harold Berliner” appeared in our pages. Tom Nadeau of *The Daily Recorder* wrote of Harold’s life and work, his “engaging tales of courtroom derring-

do and book-lore skulduggery.” The cover title for the issue was graced by the drawings of Harold’s long-time artistic collaborator Wolfgang Lederer, taken from the “Alphabet of Shakespeare Figures,” a copy of which was on view for the exhibit. One of the exhibit’s highlights was type and a woodcut for one page of Genesis, printed and published by Harold, the illustrations by Viennese-born artist Helen Siegl. Harold had recently presented a copy of this magnificently crafted book to the Club. It was an evening to remember, and a show worth seeing again and again.

Next came something taking Club exhibits in a completely new direction—William P. Wreden, Jr., discusses “William P. Wreden: A Joint Show,” at the Club August 2–October 8, 2004, elsewhere in this issue.

August Frugé, Dean of University Press Publishers

Often called “the Alfred Knopf of University Press publishing,” August Frugé died at ninety-four in Twentynine Palms, California, on July 6 after a series of strokes. He is considered one of the great publishers of the Twentieth Century. His entire life was devoted to books, publishing, classical history, scholarship, and the environment. After graduation from Stanford, he earned his Master’s Degree at the University of California, Berkeley Library School and worked at the California State Library, Sacramento.

A few years later he was lured away by Samuel Farquhar, then director of the University of California Press, Berkeley, as assistant director and sales manager. Upon Farquhar’s sudden death, in 1951, Frugé was appointed to succeed him. Thus began an extraordinary growth of the University Press from a small, monograph-oriented press to a world-class scholarly publisher of numerous works, many of them best sellers, averaging some 250 titles annually.

He established the first University Press paperback list, Cal Paperbacks, in 1957, eventually issuing over a thousand paperback titles during his tenure. A committed environmentalist and Sierra Club leader, he established the California Natural History Guides, a series now numbering in the hundreds, to fill a void in books on California’s environment. Until that time, most natural history books reflected Eastern settings.

A million-copy seller for the Press was *Ishi in Two Worlds* by Theodora Kroeber, a classic biography of the last wild Indian of North America. Frugé’s work with Kroeber in the early stages of the manuscript resulted in a publishing triumph that

also established Kroeber as a major writer on Native Americans and Western history.

Another million-copy seller was *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* by Carlos Castaneda, a book that erupted in considerable controversy over the years. But the greatest academic heat was generated by the long-delayed, monumental, three-volume *The Plan of St. Gall* by Walter Horn and Ernest Born, published in 1983. It is a heated saga of publisher versus author that did not end until some three years after Frugé's retirement from the Press in 1977. Frugé's successor, James H. Clark, told the story in *Publishing the Plan of St. Gall* – privately published but included in Frugé's own monumental account of his publishing years, *A Skeptic Among Scholars: August Frugé on University Publishing*.

Frugé was a noted scholar as well. He was fluent in French and Spanish, and at home in reading Greek and Latin. He built the Press's classics list to its zenith and also translated and edited several works of California exploration and early history. One of these was *A Voyage to California, the Sandwich Islands, and Around the World in the Years 1826-1829* by Auguste Duhaut-Cilly, a fundamental work on early California history, especially the Jesuit Missions. Frugé's translation marked its first publication in English in book form.

He had few illusions about publishing as a noble calling. He would often quote Mark Twain's description of a publisher: "A tall, lean, skinny, yellow, toothless, baldheaded, rat-eyed professional liar and scoundrel." Of course, the Press published – and still does to the present – the complete works, letters, and papers of Mark Twain – another monumental scholarly publishing project established during Frugé's tenure.

He served for years on the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club and was a key player in the publishing struggles during David Brower's stormy administration. Brower had entered publishing at the University of California Press so his relationship with Frugé was a lengthy one and, in the end, friendly.

He is a Fellow (along with his late wife Susan) of the California Native Plant Society; a member of the Publishing Hall of Fame, New York; and past-President, Association of American University Presses, New York. His reorganization of the California Native Plant Society transformed it into one of California's leading environmental organizations and set the standard for other such groups around the country. The Society's current headquarters is in Sacramento where it exerts considerable influence upon environmental legislation as well as liaison with government agencies to protect rare and endangered species of California flora. Frugé

stated upon his CNPS presidency inauguration that he was probably "the only President of CNPS who didn't know a columbine from a redwood."

He is survived by his son John of Richmond, California. Donations in August Frugé's memory may be made to the Associates of the University of California Press and to the California Native Plant Society.

HARLAN KESSEL, retired editor of the *Quarterly News-Letter* and also retired marketing director and paperback editor of the University of California Press.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

New Patron Members

Gary Handler, MD	Pebble Beach	William P. Barlow
James Holland	Fremont	John Crichton

New Sustaining Members

Philip Ellis	San Francisco	Dr. Robert Chandler
David Hartley	San Francisco	Ann Whipple & John Borden
William A. Turnage	Mill Valley	Robert D. Haines, Jr.

New Regular Members

Jacques R. Artus	San Francisco	Jeffrey Thomas
Richard T. Burress	Stanford	Harry A. Goff
Letitia Dillon	Fair Oaks	Vincent J. Lozito
Philip Ellis	San Francisco	Dr. Robert Chandler
Mary Gutknecht	San Francisco	Steve Sharafian
Susan Hanks	Sacramento	Vincent J. Lozito

The following member has changed from Regular to Sustaining status:

John J. Walsdorf	Portland, OR
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*Cautionary Words for George Fox
Upon His Activities as a Collector of*



Gather ye EPHEMERA while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And these worthless scraps you toss to-day,
To-morrow you'll be buying.

That price is best which is the first,
When supplies're high and demand's lower:
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then, be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go on collecting:
For if you snooze and lose your chance,
You may for ever tarry.

—Adela Roatcap (after Robert Herrick)

Annual Meeting

The ANNUAL MEETING of the Book Club of California will be held in the Club's rooms at 312 Sutter Street, Suite 510, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, October 19, 2004, at 12 m. Those attending are invited to remain for lunch and the regular Board of Directors meeting. Please telephone Staff at (415) 781-7532 to order a sandwich.

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